

SATIRE IX

scire uelim quare totiens mihi, Naeuole, tristis
occurras fronte obducta ceu Marsya uictus.
quid tibi cum uultu, qualem deprensus habebat
Rauola dum Rhodopes uda terit inguina barba?
nos colaphum incutimus lambenti crustula seruo. 5
non erit hac facie miserabilior Crepereius
Pollio, qui triplicem usuram praestare paratus
circumit et fatuos non inuenit. unde repente
tot rugae? certe modico contentus agebas
uernam equitem, conuiua ioco mordente facetus 10
et salibus uehemens intra pomeria natis.
omnia nunc contra: uultus grauis, horrida siccae
silua comae, nullus tota nitor in cute, qualem
Bruttia praestabat calidi tibi fascia uisci,
sed fruticante pilo neglecta et squalida crura. 15
quid macies aegri ueteris, quem tempore longo
torret quarta dies olimque domestica febris?
deprendas animi tormenta latentis in aegro
corpore, deprendas et gaudia; sumit utrumque
inde habitum facies. igitur flexisse uideris 20
propositum et uitiae contrarius ire priori.
nuper enim, ut repeto, fanum Isidis et Ganymedem

2 uictus *mss*: uinctus *Jortinus*

5 *del. Guyet*

6 erit *PAGU*: erat *SΦ*

14 *uersum et post 13 et post 11 scriptum exhibent GU.* Bruttia *codd.*: brustia
prestabat calidi

circum *P*: praestabat calidi circumlita *ΦGU*

17 torret *PΦ*: torquet *recentiores*

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Speaker: I would like to know, Naevolus, why you are so often
miserable when
you run into me, your brow clouded over like defeated Marsyas.
Why does your face look like the one that Ravola had when
he was caught
rubbing Rhodope's groin with his wet beard?
We give a slap to any slave who licks the pastries. 5
Crepereius Pollio will not turn out to have a face more pathetic
than this one – and he goes round, ready to stump up three times
the rate of interest
but finds no idiots to take it on. Where did such a lot of wrinkles
suddenly come from? You certainly used to be content with
a modest lifestyle
playing the role of home-bred knight, a smooth dinner-guest with
biting wit, 10
forceful with your jokes all produced within these city-limits.
Everything is now the opposite of that: your face is grave,
you have a bristling
forest of dry hair, nowhere on your skin is there any of that
gloss which
the Bruttian strip of hot pitch would offer you –
in fact your legs are neglected and filthy with sprouting hair. 15
Why do you have the emaciation of a chronic invalid who for
a long time
has been roasted every three days with a well-established
fever which shares his home?
You could uncover the pains of the mind as it lies hidden in the sick
body, and you could uncover the joys too: the face puts on
both appearances to suit. You seem therefore to have changed
your 20
lifestyle and to be moving in the opposite direction to your
former life.
Not long ago, as I recall, you used to be a regular at the shrine
of Isis,

Pacis et aduectae secreta Palatia matris
 et Cererem (nam quo non prostat femina templo?)
 notior Aufidio moechus celebrare solebas,
 quodque taces, ipsos etiam inclinare maritos. 25
 ‘utile et hoc multis uitiae genus, at mihi nullum
 inde operae pretium. pingues aliquando lacernas,
 [munimenta togae, duri crassique coloris]
 et male percussas textoris pectine Galli
 accipimus, tenue argentum uenaeque secundae. 30
 fata regunt homines, fatum est et partibus illis
 quas sinus abscondit. nam si tibi sidera cessant,
 nil faciet longi mensura incognita nerui,
 quamuis te nudum spumanti Virro labello
 uiderit et blandae assidue densaeque tabellae
 sollicitent, αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἄνδρα κίναιδος.
 quod tamen ulterius monstrum quam mollis auarus?
 “haec tribui, deinde illa dedi, mox plura tulisti.”
 computat et ceuet. ponatur calculus, adsint 40
 cum tabula pueri; numera sestertia quinque
 omnibus in rebus, numerentur deinde labores.
 an facile et primum est agere intra uiscera penem
 legitimum atque illic hesternae occurrere cenae?
 seruus erit minus ille miser qui foderit agrum
 quam dominum. sed tu sane tenerum et puerum te 45
 et pulchrum et dignum cyatho caeloque putabas.
 uos humili asseculae, uos indulgebitis umquam
 cultori, iam nec morbo donare parati?
 en cui tu uiridem umbellam, cui sucina mittas

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23 secreta *mss*: sacrata *Lubinus*. matris *mss*: matri *Nisbet*25 celebrare *Φ*: scelerare *P*26 quodque taces *PSFGHO*: quodque taceo *U*: quod taceo utque *AKLTZ*29 *deleuit Ribbeck*33 cessant *PGHuzzΣ*: cessent *Φ*40 et ceuet *GU*: atque ceuet *Vat. Pal. 1703*: atque cauet *Φ*43–4 *om. Vat. Pal. 1703*46 quam *PGTU*: non *ΦΣ*. tenerum *PSAGT*: tener *Φ*49 parati *codd.*: paratis *Braund*

at Ganymede in Peace's temple, at the secret Palace of the
foreign Mother
and at Ceres' (is there any temple in which a woman does not
go up for sale?)

better-known than Aufidius as an adulterer, and 25
(something you kept quiet about) you used to bend their
husbands over too.

Naevolus: 'Many find this way of life rewarding, but to me it is not
worth the effort. Now and then we get greasy cloaks
[toga-protectors, made of hard and rough material]
which have been badly beaten out by the comb of a Gallic weaver, 30
or slivers of silver from an inferior seam.

The fates govern human lives, fate is in charge even of those parts
which the clothing conceals. For if the stars let you down
then the unprecedented length of your massive penis

will get you nowhere,
even though Virro with drooling lips has seen you naked 35
and his frequent coaxing love-letters constantly
harass you 'for the man is drawn by the actual faggot'.
But what monster is lower than a stingy effeminate?

'I gave you this, then I gave you that, then you got even more.'
He does his sums and wiggles his arse. Let the reckoning be
done, let the 40

slaves attend with the accounts: count the five thousand sesterces
paid in all, and then let the exertions be reckoned up.
Or is it easy and no effort at all to drive a decent penis inside
the guts and there run into yesterday's dinner?

The slave who ploughs a field will be less of a wretch than the one 45
who ploughs his master. But you surely used to think of yourself
as a delicate boy,

a fine figure and deserving of the heavens and the cup.
Will you men ever gratify a supporter of slender means, or
a follower of yours, since these days you are not even prepared
to pay for your infirmity?

Look, that's the man to send a green parasol to – or large amber 50

grandia, natalis quotiens redit aut madidum uer
incipit et strata positus longaque cathedra
munera femineis tractat secreta kalendis.

dic, passer, cui tot montes, tot praedia seruas
Apula, tot miluos intra tua pascua lassas?

55

te Trifolinus ager fecundis uitibus implet
suspectumque iugum Cumis et Gaurus inanis –
nam quis plura linit uicturo dolia musto?

quantum erat exhausti lumbos donare clientis
iugeribus paucis? melius nunc rusticus infans
cum matre et casulis et collusore catello
cymbala pulsantis legatum fiet amici?

60

“improbus es cum poscis” ait. sed pensio clamat
“posce,” sed appellat puer unicus ut Polyphemi
lata acies per quam sollers euasit Vlices.

65

alter emendus erit, namque hic non sufficit, ambo
pascendi. quid agam bruma spirante? quid, oro,
quid dicam scapulis puerorum aquilone Decembri
et pedibus? “durate atque expectate cicadas”?

uerum, ut dissimules, ut mittas cetera, quanto
metiris pretio quod, ni tibi deditus essem
deuotusque cliens, uxor tua uirgo maneret?
scis certe quibus ista modis, quam saepe rogaris
et quae pollicitus. fugientem nempe puellam

70

53 tractat *PG Servius*: tractas Φ

54 tot praedia *PAGLU*: cui praedia Φ

55 lassas *GU*: lassos *PSΦΣ*

60 melius nunc *Housman*: meliusne hic *PΦ*: melius, dic *Castiglione*

62 legatum *PGHTΣ*: legatus Φ

63 es Φ est *PAL*: poscis *PGOU* poscit Φ . ait *PAGLOZ*: ais *HKTU*

68 puerorum *PA*: seruorum Φ . aquilone *PAGU*: mense Φ

74 nempe *Housman*: saepe *mss.*

balls whenever his birthday comes round again or rainy spring starts and he positions himself on his long cushioned chair handling his secret gifts on the ladies' day.

Tell me, little bird, for whom you are saving so many mountains, so many Apulian estates, for whom are you tiring out so many kites within your pasturelands?

55

Your lands at Trifolium keep you full with their fertile vines and the ridge overlooking Cumae and hollow Gaurus - for who seals more jars for the survival of the wine-juice? How much would it have cost to reward the groin of your drained client

with a few plots of land? Is it better in that case that the rural child

60

with his mother, his little cottages and his playfellow the puppy will go as a legacy to your friend who beats the cymbals?

'You're a pain when you ask for things' he said. But my rent yells out

'ask him!' and my slave stakes his demands – my slave as single as the wide eye of Polyphemus which let crafty Ulysses make his escape.

65

I need to buy another one, for this one is not enough, but then both

will need feeding. What am I to do when winter blows?

What, I ask you,
what am I to say to the shoulders and feet of the slaves
in the icy blast

of December? 'stay firm and await the cicadas'?

But even though you pretend otherwise, though you ignore all the rest,

70

what price do you put on the fact that if I were not your obedient and loyal client, your wife would still be a virgin?

You cannot have forgotten in what ways and how often you asked me for that,
and what you promised. The girl was actually running away from you

amplexu rapui; tabulas quoque ruperat et iam
 migrabat; tota uix hoc nocte redemi
 te plorante foris. testis mihi lectulus et tu,
 ad quem peruenit lecti sonus et dominae uox.
 instabile ac dirimi coeptum et iam paene solutum
 coniugium in multis domibus seruauit adulter. 75
 quo te circumagas? quae prima aut ultima ponas?
 nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perfide, nullum
 quod tibi filiolus uel filia nascitur ex me?
 tollis enim et libris actorum spargere gaudes
 argumenta uiri. foribus suspende coronas: 80
 iam pater es, dedimus quod famae opponere possis.
 iura parentis habes, propter me scriberis heres,
 legatum omne capis nec non et dulce caducum.
 commoda praeterea iungentur multa caducis,
 si numerum, si tres impleuero.' iusta doloris,
 Naeuole, causa tui; contra tamen ille quid affert? 85
 'neglegit atque alium bipedem sibi quaerit asellum.
 haec soli commissa tibi celare memento
 et tacitus nostras intra te fige querellas;
 nam res mortifera est inimicus pumice leuis.
 qui modo secretum commiserat, ardet et odit,
 tamquam prodiderim quidquid scio. sumere ferrum,
 fuste aperire caput, candelam apponere ualuis 90
 fuste aperire caput, candelam apponere ualuis

75

80

85

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95

76 migrabat *Hight*: signabat *mss*: signabant *Eden*

84 libris *mss*: titulis *Servius*. actorum *PSAHLΣ*: auctorum Φ : fastorum *G*:
 auctorum *U*

89 iungentur *PGU*: iunguntur Φ

when I took her in an embrace. She had smashed the contract too
and was just
about to move out. I bought her back for you with great difficulty
all night long
while you were weeping outside the door. The couch is my witness –
and you are – as the noise
of the bed and the voice of the mistress got through to you.
In many homes where a marriage is rickety – on the point
of falling apart
and all but dissolved – an adulterer has saved it. 80
Where can you turn to? Which would you place first, which last?
Do I get no thanks then, ungrateful bastard, no thanks
for letting your little son or daughter be born by me?
You bring them up, you love spreading the proof of your
manhood in the newspapers. Hang up garlands over the doors:
you are now a father, I have given you something to counter
the gossip. You have the parental privileges, because of me
you are written into a will as heir,
you get the whole legacy and what's more you get the sweet
extras too.

More pleasant things will be added to the extras besides
if I make up the number to three.' 90

Speaker:

You have fair reason to feel pain, Naevolus. What does he bring
up in answer?

Naevolus:

'He ignores me and looks out for another two-legged donkey
for himself.

Don't forget to keep this under wraps, entrusted to you alone
and lock my complaints inside yourself in total silence;
for an enemy made smooth with the pumice-stone is lethal. 95

The man who has just entrusted me with his secret burns
with hatred,
thinking that I have betrayed whatever I know. He has no
qualms about
taking up the sword, opening my head up with a club, setting
a torch

non dubitat. nec contemnas aut despicias quod
his opibus numquam cara est annonae ueneni.
ergo occulta teges ut curia Martis Athenis.'

100

o Corydon, Corydon, secretum diuitis ullum
esse putas? serui ut taceant, iumenta loquentur
et canis et postes et marmora. claudere fenestras,
uelta tegant rimas, iunge ostia, tolle lucernam
e medio fac eant omnes, prope nemo recumbat;
quod tamen ad cantum galli facit ille secundi
proximus ante diem caupo sciet, audiet et quae
finixerunt pariter libarius, archimagiri,
carptores. quod enim dubitant componere crimen
in dominos, quotiens rumoribus ulciscuntur
baltea? nec derit qui te per compita quaerat
nolentem et miseram uinosus inebriet aurem.
illos ergo roges quidquid paulo ante petebas
a nobis, taceant illi. sed prodere malunt
arcانum quam subrepti potare Falerni
pro populo faciens quantum Saufeia bibebat.
uiuendum recte, cum propter plurima, tum est his
[idcirco ut possis linguam contemnere serui.]
praecipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima serui.
deterior tamen hic qui liber non erit illis
quorum animas et farre suo custodit et aere.
'utile consilium modo, sed commune, dedisti.
nunc mihi quid suades post damnum temporis et spes
deceptas? festinat enim decurrere uelox

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125

99–100 nec ... opibus *deleuit Ribbeck*

100 cara est *PGΣ*: careas Φ : caras *U*

105 tolle lucernam *Nisbet*: tollite lumen *PAKOTZ*: tollito lumen *GHU*

106 fac eant *Haupt*: taceant *P*: clament Φ : abeant *Hermann*

109 libarius ignotus apud *Plathnerum*: librarius *PΦ*

118 recte Φ : recte est *PA*. tum est his *Housman* tunc est *PA* tunc his Φ

119 uersum hic ponunt *PA*, post 123 Φ , om. *Vat. Pal.* 1700, *damnauit Pithoeus*

122–3 *deleuit Pinzger*

to the doorway. Don't think it of no importance or ignore the
fact that

for wealth like his the cost of poison is never high.

100

So guard the secrets like the Senate of Mars in Athens would.'

Speaker:

O Corydon, Corydon, do you think a rich man ever has
a secret? Even if the slaves kept quiet, the beasts will talk
and the dog and the door-posts and the slabs of marble. Close
the shutters,

have curtains cover up the gaps, seal the doors, put out the lamp, 105
make everyone leave the place, let nobody recline nearby;
what the man does at the second crowing of the cockerel
his neighbour the inn-keeper will know of it before dawn:

and he will hear also

what has been made up by the pastry-cook, the head chefs
the carvers. For what crime do they hesitate to invent 110
against their masters, since gossip is their revenge
for being flogged? Some boozed-up bloke is also sure to look
for you at the crossroads

(even if you don't want to hear him) and souse your unhappy ear.
So try asking them what you just now asked me –

to keep silent. They prefer spreading secrets 115
to swigging the stolen Falernian in the amounts
that Saufeia used to drink when doing a public ritual.

You should live an upright life for lots of reasons, but also
[so that you can despise the tongue of your slave]
especially so that you despise the tongues of slaves; 120
for the tongue is the worst part of a bad slave.

Worse off is the man who will never be free of the people
whose lives he preserves with his food and his money.'

Naevolus: 'The advice you have just given me is useful but trite.
What do you recommend now after the wastage of time and

the duping

of my hopes? For the swift little flower which is the shortest part 125

flosculus angustae miseraeque breuissima uitae
portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.'

ne trepida, numquam pathicus tibi derit amicus
stantibus et saluis his collibus; undique ad illos
conueniunt et carpentis et nauibus omnes
qui digito scalpunt uno caput. altera maior
spes superest, tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.
[gratus eris, tu tantum erucis imprime dentem.]

130

'haec exempla para felicibus; at mea Clotho
et Lachesis gaudent, si pascitur inguine uenter.
o parui nostrique Lares, quos ture minuto
aut farre et tenui soleo exorare corona,
quando ego figam aliquid quo sit mihi tuta senectus

a tegete et baculo? uiginti milia faenus
pigneribus positis, argenti uascula puri,
sed quae Fabricius censor notet, et duo fortes
de grege Moesorum, qui me ceruice locata
securum iubeant clamoso insistere circo;
sit mihi praeterea curuus caelator, et alter
qui multas facies pingit cito; sufficiunt haec.

140

quando ego pauper ero? uotum miserabile, nec spes
his saltem; nam cum pro me Fortuna uocatur,
affixit ceras illa de naue petitas
quae Siculos cantus effugit remige surdo.'

145

150

132 conueniunt Φ : conuenient *PAΣ*

134 tu tantum erucis imprime dentem *PΦ*: turbae, properat quae crescere, molli
Housman

134A *habent PA, om. Φ*

143 locata Φ : locatum *Heinrich*

146 pingit *PG*: pingat Φ

148 uocatur *PA* rogatur Φ

149 affixit *PA*: affigit Φ

of our cramped and miserable life, is hurrying to its end.
While we are drinking, while we are demanding garlands,
 scents, girls

old age creeps up on us unawares.'

Speaker: 'Have no fear: you will never go short of a faggot
 friend

while these hills are safe and standing. They are coming
 to them from all over

in their carriages and their ships – all the men
who scratch their head with one finger. Another and greater
hope is available – you just bite on the rocket-wort.

[You will be popular, you just bite on the rocket-wort.]

Naevolus: 'Give those role-models to the fortunate men.

My Clotho

and Lachesis are happy if my stomach is fed by my cock.
Oh tiny household gods of mine, whom I tend to pray to
with small bits of incense or grain and a skinny garland,
when will I get something to keep my old age safe
from the mat and stick? Twenty thousand at interest
with pledges secure, goblets of pure silver
(the sort which the censor Fabricius would mark down) and
 two strong men

from the tribe of the Moesi, to put their necks in position
and bid me take my place in the bellowing Circus;

Let me also have a stooping engraver, and another man
who can paint many pictures in a trice: this will be enough.

When will I be poor? A pathetic prayer: no hope
even for those things. For when Fortune is summoned on my account
she has stuffed her ears with wax which she got from that ship
which dodged the Sicilian singing by means of deaf rowers.'

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